

Need an Alpha to Pop a Knot by Carerra_os

Series: [Harringrove Tumblr Stories \[70\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alpha Billy Hargrove, Alpha Steve Harrington, Alpha/Alpha, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Barebacking, Bottom Steve Harrington, Creampie, First Time Bottoming, Knotting, M/M, Name-Calling, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Praise Kink, Tina's Halloween Bash (Stranger Things), Top Billy Hargrove

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Minor or Background Relationship(s), Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-17

Updated: 2021-07-17

Packaged: 2022-03-31 11:10:36

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,761

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Steve's an alpha who's never popped a knot, not until Billy comes along.

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Steve is not sure how they got here but he is not complaining, does not resist when Billy presses him against the Camaro and kisses him, hot and heavy tongue sliding into his mouth. Everything moves quickly after that, the scent of Billy making Steve muddy brained, like some sort of drug. He cannot get enough of it, lapping at Billy's neck, nose pressed over Billy's scent glands as he undresses them both. A little sliver of nerves slips in when Billy presses a slick finger into him but then Billy's mouth is on him, teeth scraping over his glands, sucking a mark over them. Steve has never really let anyone

mark him before but he does not want Billy to stop, he likes the way he bites with the flat edges of his teeth digging in hard and Steve hardly notices when one finger becomes two.

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Steve is an alpha who has never popped a knot and it is fine mostly, except sometimes the girls he sleeps with think they are the problem and he ends up with a headache explaining that they really are not. Nancy is good about it though being a beta she does not go into heat, has no interest in his potential for knotting beyond minor curiosity. He could do without the belittlement and the constant inquiries from his parents though, every time they ask he just tells them the same things the doctors always tell him, it will happen when it happens.

Steve is not even sure how they ended up like this. How staring one another down across a party got them here. Steve had barely acknowledged Billy at that moment, the scent of him thick and calling, had chased after Nancy as an excuse to get away. He had not been able to get that scent out of his nose even as he put distance between them, could feel Billy's eyes trailing after him until he was down the hall out of sight.

Then Nancy told him some hard truths, loose lipid from the alcohol, told him he was bullshit, they were bullshit and Steve did not want to listen to any of that, he knows a break up when he hears one. Runs into Johnathan on his way to really join the party and then he does not have to worry about making sure Nancy gets home because he knows Johnathan ever dutiful will take care of her, only a small part of him wants to snarl and snap at him for it, jealous because he does not have someone who cares about him like that.

He grabs the first plastic cup he finds and fills it to the brim, those eyes are back as Steve chugs it, some dripping down his chin as he refills his cup. He drinks and smokes and Billy is at his side, that scent heavy in his nose and Steve cannot help it, he wants to drink it up, presses closer to that scent and Billy lets him, curls an arm

around his back and keeps him close as they move about the party. When Billy drags him toward the exit Steve lets him, lets himself be pushed into the passenger seat of his car, lets Billy drive them to the quarry hand hot and heavy on his knee.

Steve is not sure how they got here but he is not complaining, does not resist when Billy presses him against the Camaro and kisses him, hot and heavy tongue sliding into his mouth. Everything moves quickly after that, the scent of Billy making Steve muddy brained, like some sort of drug. He cannot get enough of it, lapping at Billy's neck, nose pressed over Billy's scent glands as he undresses them both. A little sliver of nerves slips in when Billy presses a slick finger into him but then Billy's mouth is on him, teeth scraping over his glands, sucking a mark over them. Steve has never really let anyone mark him before but he does not want Billy to stop, he likes the way he bites with the flat edges of his teeth digging in hard and Steve hardly notices when one finger becomes two.

Billy gets him open on four fingers and Steve is a panting mess, barely even registering the tingle of humiliation when Billy says "Knew you were a bitch the moment I saw you." the liquid heat in his belly washing it away as Billy kisses him. Billy shifts them to the ground and gets Steve on his hands and knees, Steve burning up with shame and heat as he falls into position ready to be mounted by another alpha, hips swaying as he bites his own lips to keep from begging Billy to fill him, something he never knew he wanted.

Billy is on his knees behind Steve, hands petting over his flanks murmuring to himself "How'd I get so lucky to find such a pretty alpha bitch in this shitty town" thumbs pressing at the edges of Steve's shiny lube slick hole before the head of his cock is pressing in slowly.

It is like nothing he has ever felt before and everything he has been missing as he is stretched wide inch by slowly gliding inch. "Shush I got you." Billy murmurs hands moving to stroking his back and it is only then that Steve realizes he is trembling and letting out soft little

whines, overwhelmed as Billy bottoms out and he is so full. "You okay?" Billy murmurs again still and flush as he kisses Steve's shoulder, Steve gives a short little jerk of a nod, words not coming. "Know it's your first time. It can be a lot." He reassures, hand sliding over Steve's ribs to trail down Steve's stomach to his cock, pleased to find him still hard. "You're perfect." Billy coos stroking his cock and Steve knees and moans as Billy stars slowly fucking in and out of him.

There is so much heat in his belly and it only burns brighter as Billy straightens and really starts fucking into him both hands shifting to his hips. Steve's cock swings between his thighs pre dripping as Billy keeps talking, mouth full of filthy praise that all goes right to Steve's dick. The sound of flesh slapping echoes in the air as Steve falls to his elbows, angle changing and Billy is nailing his prostate with every thrust making his vision spot and his dick spurt more pre.

Billy has a hand on his neck hot and heavy "Going to knot you, really fill you up, breed you like a bitch." Steve knees and whines he has never wanted anything more, it makes his dick tingle and his spine alight with pleasure. "Can you feel it baby, you want it right, want to be a good bitch for me." Steve is nodding enthusiastically yes, he wants it so bad, cries out as that hand curls around the front of his neck and hauls him up, back flush against Billy's chest both of them kneeling as Billy fucks up into him, knot catching on his rim making the movements of his thrusts less fluid. "What was that?" Billy growls pheromones spiking and Steve's head goes a little hazy again as he turns his head just a little trying to drink in more of that scent.

"Please," Steve pants, he needs it, he is so close, close to something, "please Billy need it, need your knot." The shame he feels at begging only makes the heat coil tighter.

"Such a good bitch, fucking perfect for me." Billy praises as he presses in one last time and his knot catches and swells. It makes Steve feel impossibly full and something snaps, just feels fucking perfect as Steve cums without touching his dick and keeps cumming as his head

floats and that tingle in his dick intensifies and crests and his dick feels good but weird as he comes down from it.

They are both panting still on their knees, Steve basically in Billy's lap, locked together when the first crest of orgasm fades. Steve idly wonders how long Billy's knot will take to go down when he realizes he is still hard too and he drags his eyes down to investigate that strange new feeling. Steve gasps, mouth falling open as he just stares at his own dick.

"Holy shit" Steve whispers, eyes locked on his inflated dick the large knot around the base shocking him.

Billy stretches and hooks his chin over Steve's shoulder, looking down at Steve's dick with him "That's your knot." Billy says and he sounds impressed as he brings his fingers down brushing them lightly over it and making Steve jerk. "You've got a nice one pretty boy."

"Do I? It's weird." Steve says with a hum his dick foreign to him as he wraps his own fingers along his knot making him jerk harder, making Billy's knot tug and them both moan as Steve's dick gives a little squirt of cum that lands on his knee.

"What?" Billy asks, confused by Steve's wonder.

"I've never knotted before, I've never seen it." Steve admits and something possessive and pleased curls tightly in Billy's belly.

"You know what that means?" Billy asks, arms curling around Steve's waist watching him play with his knot.

"What?" Steve asks, a little distracted as he wraps a second hand around his knot, fingers twining over it and he has more cum shooting out as his ass clenches around Billy's knot, milking him of his cum, making Billy groan into his neck.

"Means you really are my bitch now, I've gone and ruined you for anyone else." Billy teases.

"What really?" Steve asks with some alarm filling him, leaking into his scent.

"No" Billy huffs and starts kissing at Steve's neck until his scent evens out "but I could if you wanted me to." Billy offers and he means it, he wants to ruin anyone else for this pretty boy and it might just be his knot talking filling his head with romantic notions of being Steve's first and last but he has been caught on Steve's scent since he got to this shitty little town and now that he has found the source of it and it's perfect owner Billy is not willing to just let it go.

"What does ruining entail?" Steve asks, tongue flicking out over his lips, a moan falling as Billy shifts them back to the ground and onto their sides. He starts giving the tiniest of thrust as he drops his own hand to stroke Steve's dick while Steve keeps a firm hold around the base. Billy's knot is a constant grind against his prostate with each minute little shift, making Steve's pleasure build up quickly.

"More of this." Billy promises blunt teeth in Steve's neck again, pressing hard and brushing over Steve's scent glands as Billy cums for a final time, his knot will not last much longer now. The warm feeling of being filled again, of being filled even more when he is already so full makes Steve's cock spill the last of his cum, making the earth muddy and Billy's hand sticky. "And anything else you want." Billy promises, while Steve is too blissed out to hear him, bringing his hand up to lick the cum from it.

-End

Author's Note:

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